ELEANORA:

FROM THE

SORROWS OF WERTER.

A TALE.

E certo ogni mio ſtudio in quel temp'era
Pur di Sfozare il doloroſo core
In qualche modo, non d'acquiſtar fama.

PETRARC.

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ELEANORA.

LETTER XXIX.

February the 21ſt, 1771.

I Have been again to this dear and amiable family. Bertha received me with the tranſports of a grateful heart, and her charming mother with an eaſe that delighted me.—Conrade was abſent.—"I am come," ſaid I, "my dear friends, to claim your united promiſe. You know not how much I am intereſted for you, let me then be a ſharer in your troubles, for I fear". . . . "Yes, indeed," ſhe replied, "we have had

our ſhare: but the Giver of all bounties has enabled us to ſupport, with ſome degree of fortitude, the ills that have been multiplied upon us." She uttered this with ſo ſweet a reſignation playing on her features, that I felt comforted.—" I have ſeen many changes," ſhe reſumed, " and I will relate them to you, both, my dear girls: (forgive me; but I feel an affection for you too) that you may both judge of the vanity of human wiſhes, and not depend too much on proſpects of future happineſs." (I was ſtruck, but I remained ſilent.) " My birth is noble, of a family diſtinguiſhed as much by their bravery as their rank. Of five children, I was the only daughter: and I unfortuately loſt my

my mother before I was of an age to know her value. As I grew up, I was flattered, careſſed, adored: the young men of faſhion were all ſtriving who could pleaſe me moſt, for my father had intereſt, and the perſon of his daughter was not diſpleaſing. But their attentions were thrown away——accuſtomed from my infancy to be uncontrouled in my amuſements, and always having plenty of money at my command, (for I had an independent fortune left me by my grandfather) I indulged myſelf, not in procuring the vanities which are ſo anxiouſly wiſhed for by many, but in what was better ſuited to my taſte and inclination, the ſearching out and relieving merit in diſtreſs. Viſiting

one day one of my poor penſioners, I found her buſy in preparing ſome gruel, into which ſhe was going to put a cordial that ſtood on a table by her. I enquired whether ſhe was ill? "No, madam, but I have ſome neighbours in the greateſt miſery in the world; and out of your ladyſhip's bounty I am enabled to give them this little relief." "Let me go with you," ſaid I, "perhaps I may be of ſervice to them." She went into the ſtreet, and turning down a little dark alley, came to a wretched looking houſe, the door of which ſhe opened; and deſiring me to follow her, went up a ladder, rather than a pair of ſtairs: when ſhe had climbed five of the ſteps (which was half way) ſhe turned round

round to tell me not to be afraid, for it was very ſafe, though it looked ſo dangerous.—I followed her into a room, but good heaven! what a ſcene was I witneſs to. Upon ſome ſtraw, in a corner of this miſerable dungeon, lay extended, an elderly man, who ſeemed to be breathing his laſt.—His wife ſat, or rather lay acroſs the top of this ſtraw, and ſupported her huſband's head on her boſom. She had no gown on, and indeed ſcarcely any covering but a man's coat, which her ſon had taken from his back and wrapt round her. He was a young man, apparently about twenty-two years of age, and was kneeling by his father's ſide, whilſt the tears ran down his face.—What a ſpectacle for a tender generous mind!

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—I flew to them, and begged I might help to raiſe the poor man whilſt he tried to drink ſome of the gruel.—He faintly ſhook his head—and the wife exclaimed, " Ah ! no, we muſt die ; we muſt all die together !"—" You muſt *not* die !" ſaid I, " Heaven has ſent you ſuccour : —whatever you wiſh for you ſhall have ; but do not, I beſeech you, perſiſt in refuſing what may reſtore you. My dear mother," kiſſing her hand, " employ the means that God has ſent you : you will offend *him*, by a refuſal. Run for a phyſician :" added I, turning to the young man—" run quickly, whilſt this good woman and I aſſiſt your mother in ſupporting your father." I looked at the ſon—and what a

countenance was there!—to this moment it is imprinted on my heart; —it expreſſed at once anguiſh, famine and deſpair; yet theſe combined, could not efface the exquiſite beauty of his fine features—A ray of hope ſeemed to enlighten them as I made my requeſt; but it was inſtantly ſucceeded by a crimſon ſuffuſion, for he caſt a glance on himſelf, and obſerved the ſituation he was in; —the mother caught the hectic for a moment, and unbuttoning the coat, "take it, my ſon," ſhe ſaid, holding it to him, "you know how loth I was to have it—take it, and fly for the relief the Almighty has prepared for us." He ſeemed to heſitate—"Oh! do not loſe a moment!" I exclaimed—when ſuddenly

ly ſnatching the coat he ran out of the room, and ſoon returned with a phyſician. I had put my cloak in the place of the coat; and after having diſpatched the woman who conducted me there, for ſome refreſhments, we prevailed on the worthy man to ſwallow a little cordial, which ſeemed of great ſervice to him. When the phyſician arrived, and had felt his pulſe, he pronounced his complaint to be more mental than bodily; but promiſed every aſſiſtance in his power provided he would himſelf contribute towards his recovery. "You are very low," ſaid he, "but do not be caſt down, all will be well ſoon." I followed him to the door of the room—and, whilſt he received his fee, enquired whether

ther I might form any hopes?—"You may," he replied, "but they are yet precarious:—it muſt depend in great meaſure on himſelf—his mind is very much affected, and till that is healed I cannot determine." I returned to this ſuffering family, and after having procured every thing I poſſibly could for their eaſe and comfort in the place they were in, I attempted to make them chearful: but it would not do, their hearts were tuned to ſorrow, nor could they vibrate to any other ſtring. I begged they would inform me of their misfortunes, and what had reduced them to ſuch diſtreſs.—They complied willingly, they ſeemed to catch at my enquiry, that they might have an opportunity by com-

communicating, to leſſen in ſome meaſure the weight of grief which oppreſſed them :—and to what a tale of woe did I liſten. Forgive me, my dear friends, that I have dwelt ſo minutely on this ſcene—Alas! I have not half deſcribed it. Why? Oh! why was the impreſſion it made ſo fatal to me? Every look, every word is ſtill before me, and never can I loſe the remembrance of them. But I ſee you are affected, and I will ſpare you. beſides, you cannot feel ſo intereſted in it as I did. It is enough to tell you, Mr. Menheil had been a merchant of ſome conſequence; but that unuſual loſſes, and repeated misfortunes, had reduced him from the affluent ſituation he once enjoyed. He was above aſking the compaſſion

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of his equals, and with his wife and ſon (who was in partnerſhip with him) retrenched their expences, hoping that time and aſſiduity would replace them in their former ſtation. But they did not ſucceed—they grew from bad to worſe: nothing proſpered that they undertook, and they were declared bankrupts: and at length reduced to the miſery in which I found them. "But you ſhall not continue ſo," cried I, riſing and going to the excellent old man, "I am rich, and I rejoice that I can employ what I have in making others happy. Are your creditors ſatisfied? or what will ſatisfy them?" "Alas! they are contented," ſaid Mr. Menheil, "for they have had my all: and this dear, good woman

man (pointing to his wife) and my glorious boy—they have never once reproached me, but they have ſold their cloaths—yes, even their cloaths to help to maintain me."—"We have done our duty, my huſband, and we ſhall yet live to ſee better times." "You ſhall, indeed," ſaid I—"tell me what can be done for you:—but conſult, my dear friends, conſult amongſt yourſelves, and to-morrow, if you pleaſe, I will call for your determination. Adieu! then till to-morrow—you know, my good ſir, I am then to find you much mended. You have promiſed to follow your preſcriptions, and I will engage your ſon to tell me if you are not ſcrupulouſly attentive to them: but how giddy I am, I was ſo pleaſ-

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ed at ſeeing you better, that I was going without diſcharging the little account we have together.—I am in your debt ..... nay, but I muſt pay it." I left my purſe, and roſe to go:—Young Menheil, whoſe poverty had not extinguiſhed the good breeding, and the elegance natural to him: offered me his hand, but when we reached the top of—what was meant for ſtairs—an involuntary impulſe induced him to draw back. "No, indeed, my dear friend," ſaid I, "I take you for my beau, and I ſhall not part with you till I get into the ſtreet: I will not then detain you, leſt Mr. Menheil ſhould want your aſſiſtance." "I cannot thank you, madam," he cried out, "I can only feel your goodneſs, and

and this laſt inſtance is too much!—a tear fell upon my hand as he led me down.—This was the firſt time I had heard him ſpeak; and I cannot deſcribe to you the effect the ſound of his voice had upon me.—My heart was unuſally ſoftened, and opened to every tender impreſſion. Such merit (thought I) in ſuch diſtreſs;—and the tear too—I did not forget that—it ſpoke more than all the reſt. "Farewell till to-morrow," ſaid I—"to-morrow I am to ſee you chearful."—In ſhort, the next day I went again, and I found that a ſum, which I could very eaſily part with, would be ſufficient to enable theſe worthy people to begin the world again.—I gave it them, and Heaven knows with what

what ſatisfaction I ſaw it proſper in their hands. Mr. Menheil recovered ſurpriſingly, he was ſoon well enough to be removed to a better habitation: and Henry, the blooming Henry, would frequently, with his mother, expreſs their gratitude to their guardian angel, as they called me. Mrs. Menheil had given me the name of St. Bertha;—for I loved her, from the moment I firſt ſaw her: and ſhe, charmed with the attentions I ſhewed her, ſtrove to repay them by every mark of affection in her power. St. Bertha, then, was the name I went by with the father and mother,—but Henry——he ſcarcely dared to called me by any name at all: his eyes, indeed, would frequently tell me—I was more dear

to him than all the Saints in the calendar: and now and then, by chance, a tender preſſure of the hand revealed what he tried ſo carefully to conceal.—I was never happy unleſs I was at Mr. Menheil's—all the company I ſaw at home tired and fatigued me:—the attentions of the men, (for I was now eighteen) mortified me; and how impatiently I longed for the hour that I could ſteal away to my dear Mrs. Menheil:——for as yet, I thought it was her I ſought. My father knew not of this friendſhip, and I had not ſufficient courage to inform him of it: He knew that I frequently appropriated my morning hours to the relief of the diſtreſſed, but he never enquired what particular objects ſhared my bounty—and all my viſits

were

were placed to this account. Thus did my time paſs away, when my father one day called me to him; and, after a long converſation, he, in a very affectionate manner, deſired me to chuſe out of all the gentlemen who viſited at the houſe, and who made pretenſions to me, the one I meant to diſtinguiſh. " I have not thought about it, my father." " It is time then, Bertha, they are not to be trifled with, neither my honor or your conſequence will bear that—I ſhall expect your anſwer in a week from this time." He left me in aſtoniſhment. " I cannot marry any of them," ſaid I—and I ſat about comparing them with Henry—Ah! they will not ſtand the teſt—I cannot marry them.—When I was alone at night I wept, and the firſt mo-

ment I had to myſelf I ran to Mrs. Menheil, to tell her the cauſe of my grief.—" They are going to marry me," I ſaid, " and againſt my will —I hate them all, and yet my father commands me to diſtinguiſh one. What can I do? how to avoid the miſery that muſt be my lot?"— Henry, who was ſtanding near me, turned pale, and ſtaggering to a ſeat fell ſenſeleſs on the floor. We flew to his aſſiſtance, his fall had ſtunned him, and it was ſome time before he recovered: when he did, he met my eyes, and preſſing my hand;— " Did I underſtand you right, Bertha?" he exclaimed, (he had never before called me ſo) " Is it true that you are going to mary?" " No, never, never my friend," I replied, " unleſs

" unleſs it is to....." here, covering my face with my handkerchief, I threw myſelf into Mrs. Menheil's arms, and burſt into tears. " My dear children!" ſhe ſaid, with a voice that would have ſoothed anguiſh itſelf," how I pity you!—but recovering herſelf, ſhe added, in a tone that froze me, " Recollect yourſelf, Lady Bertha, conſider the ſplendor of your birth—the dignity of your houſe—your fortune, and the thouſand advantages of your perſon:—and what has Harry Menheil to offer in competition with theſe. A noble heart, it is true, and unſullied honor—but his ſtation in life, ſo inferior—his name, not known—his fortunes, broken: and but for you, undone."—" Ah!" ſaid

I, "you kill me."—"Reflect a moment, my dear madam, and you will ſee the impoſſibility that the Count of Montmorenci ſhould conſent to an union of this nature; and not for worlds would I have .... "My mother, my dear mother,"—interrupted Henry, "not for worlds would I have my Bertha's inclination forced; I love you, (continued he, kneeling to me) I adore you! and if"..... he ſtopped and looked attentively at me. I caught his glance—"your *if*, is interpreted Henry," cried I, "and I will be yours;—yes, I am perſuaded our dear mother will not refuſe us this"—I would have ſaid requeſt, but the word died on my tongue. —"Lady Bertha," ſhe replied, "what is it you ſay? let me entreat

you

you to conſider;—indeed, this muſt not be"..... "You refuſe me then, madam," I exclaimed, "it is well!—Yes, Lady Bertha will remember..... "Will remember what, my beloved? not what my unkind mother has ſaid to her." "Her dignity, Henry, her rank—and remembering it, ſhe will ſubject herſelf to..... Remember too, my dear Lady Bertha," ſaid Mrs. Menheil, throwing herſelf on her knees before me, "remember the numerous obligations we owe you;—that we are all the children of your bounty; and then think, whether it is for us to raiſe our thoughts to ſuch an alliance." "Oh, my God!" cried I, embracing her, "are you ſatisfied? Yes, my dear mother, it is Bertha, it is St. Bertha who ſues to

you"..... "Who ſues!" cried Henry furiouſly, "when the whole world ſhould kneel to her:—this is too much—no, Bertha, it is my reſpectable mother who ſues to *you*; who pleads for her Henry—who intreats you would condeſcend to accept her ſon." "Be it ſo, my children," ſaid this tender mother, ſoftened to tears; "I can do but as you would have me: and yet your father—Ah! Bertha, what will he ſay?" "He will conſent, my dear madam, when he knows my happineſs depends on it;—he will conſent." "But if he ſhould not," ſoftly whiſpered Henry. "Well, if he ſhould not," I replied, "my fortune, independent of him, is not trifling, and".... "Oh do not talk of fortune! will my Bertha allow me

to

to aſpire to her? Her fortune I care not for—what ſhe has already in our hands is every day augmenting; and, though it will not afford the luxuries ſhe now partakes of, yet it will procure every elegant, every rational enjoyment: and ſuch I know is all that will be wiſhed for by a heart like hers."—"Depend upon me, Henry," I ſaid, "and my father will, I know, ſanctify my choice."—He kiſſed my hand with rapture, and we remained together till the time of dreſſing arrived; when I was to return, and with a much more contented heart than I had when I ſat out—to adorn myſelf to appear before my father.—Every morning I ſpent at Mrs. Menheil's, and the evenings I was obliged to give up

up to my other admirers.——At length the day arrived I ſo much wiſhed and dreaded. "You are very diſcreet, Bertha," ſaid my father, "for with all my penetration I cannot diſcover which is your favoured lover. Is it G—, or L—, or D—," "Neither Sir." "Neither! it muſt be R——— then; he, I think, ſtands the next chance." "I will not deceive you, my father," ſaid I, embracing his knees, "I cannot love either of theſe men. My heart is not my own: it has long been given to an amiable and deſerving object: but he is not known to you, and only at ſuch an extremity as this could I have dared to diſcover it." "And who is this amiable and deſerving object," repeated my father with an air of ridicule,—"and how

how is it that this object is unknown to me? Bertha, if I thought!—but it cannot be. Tell me, I ſay, who is it?" I proceeded to inform him; and, you may be ſure, I painted my Henry in the moſt favourable light —I concealed every circumſtance that might induce my father to look upon him with contempt, and I pleaded for him with all the eloquence of love.

When I had finiſhed, I begged him to conſider how much my happineſs was concerned, and told him, I left my cauſe in the hand of an indulgent parent. "And thus," ſaid he, "I decide it—if you perſiſt in the reſolution you have formed in marrying this merchant,——(well might you ſay unknown to me) I renounce you for ever. Your fortune,

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from your grandfather, I cannot deprive you of; nor would I, if I could; aſſured, that the reflexion of having diſgraced your houſe—of having ſullied the noble blood of your anceſtors, which from generation to generation has remained untainted, will be ſufficiently humilitating, without adding poverty to the ſting. You know my determination, and you know too, that when I have once decided I abide by it. —You have your free choice, between a huſband who would do credit to you, or the one you ſpeak of; and you know the conſequence;—to-morrow, I expect your abſolute anſwer."—What a day did I paſs! I dared not go to Mrs. Menheil's, for I muſt have related our converſation—and what a mortification would

would it be to my Henry.—I went into my own apartment, and I reaſoned with myſelf on the ſubject!—My father, I knew, was generous and good, and that he loved me tenderly:—but then his ruling paſſion was birth and title:—it was his darling theme, and his only wiſh:—he was, beſides, inflexible in his will, and nothing could ſet aſide his firm reſolves.—To be renounced by my father—and by a father who had ever been ſo kind and good to me was terrible!—But, on the other hand, to ſacrifice my Henry to his ambitious views, was as bad.—It would be impoſſible to repeat all that paſſed in my mind;—I weighed every circumſtance; and, after a ſleepleſs night, I determined once more to plead my cauſe before my father;

and

and if he reſolved againſt me, openly to avow my choice: which was for Henry. The next morning I threw myſelf at my father's feet, I prayed — intreated — wept — it did not avail me any thing. He was reſolved!—"And I too am reſolved! Sir," ſaid I, riſing—"I have reſolved for Menheil."—"Then from this moment we part, Bertha," ſaid he, with as much calm compoſure as if he had been granting me leave to ſet out on a journey. "But take my bleſſing with you, child, perhaps, in ſome future moment of ſorrow and remorſe, it may be ſome comfort to you to recollect, that your father inſtead of curſing you —wiſhed you every bleſſing that your own perverſeneſs will admit of:—

of:—very few, I fear, will be your portion here. For when a man or woman matches out of their own line of life, however for a time they may gloſs it over to themſelves, wretchedneſs and miſery muſt enſue." "And do you count for nothing, my deareſt father, the virtues which are confined to no rank, and which but too frequently fly ſplendid palaces to inhabit humbler dwellings." "I talk not of virtues, Bertha, nor ſhould you, for duty is one of them:—the virtues are oftener neglected, even by thoſe who poſſeſs them, than exerciſed.—I ſpeak of education, of manners—the difference of idea between a woman of high birth, and a man of mean extraction.—When a man raiſes a woman,

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it is leſs perceptible, for they can at all times accuſtom themſelves to ſcenes ſuperior to thoſe they have been uſed to:—that is eaſily learnt. But when a woman of condition ſtoops to a man every way her inferior, ſhe ſhould weigh well, whether ſhe can ſubmit to what ſhe muſt inevitably meet with: whether ſhe can bear the reproaches of a vulgar mind; that, conſcious of its own inferiority, continually upbraids (as its only reſource) the ſuperiority of a wife: which is, of itſelf, ſufficient to breed contention between them; even tho' the wife ſhould never claim it: for it is the common error of the low, to level all minds to their own: and, knowing how *they* ſhould act, they ſuppoſe others muſt neceſ-

ſarily think the ſame. "Ah! Sir," ſaid I, "It is I alone am in fault. If I had but introduced Mr. Menheil to you, you would have been convinced:—allow me but time;—his education has been liberal, and his heart is noble as your own." "The die is caſt, Bertha, and I wiſh you happy in your choice. I bleſs you, my child! but this is the laſt time we ſhall meet. Will an hour be ſufficient for you to make preparations for your departure? Mr. Menheil has, I ſuppoſe a houſe to receive you, and I ſhall not expect you at dinner: I would ſave you the mortification of hearing your own diſgrace publiſhed, and I muſt diſmiſs the men I had allowed the privilege of viſiting you." "O how

ſhould I glory in my choice, if my deareſt father would approve it. How!—how can ſuch a heart as his, ſo noble, ſo generous, be deaf to the voice of nature." "No more, Bertha, we part this day, and part for life." He embraced me, and walked out of the room.—He left me motionleſs with ſurpriſe—I continued for ſome time in the ſame ſituation, till I was rouſed by my woman, who came to me in tears, and aſked, why her maſter had given her orders to pack up all my cloaths? "Becauſe I am going on a viſit," ſaid I, "and I take every thing with me." My hour was nearly expired —I could ſcarcely bear to quit the attitude in which I had received my father's laſt embrace, nor can I deſcribe

cribe the effect it had upon me: it was almoſt a living death—it was a final ſeparation before we ceaſed to exiſt—I could not comprehend it. But going into my own room, I aſſiſted my ſervant to put my things together, and I quitted a houſe which had been ſo dear to me, in which I had paſſed every tender ſcene of childhood; and where I had never known a care till ſo lately.

When this circumſtance happened, my brothers, who were all in the army, were every one abſent from home, and I could not ſee either of them. I went immediately to Mr. Menheil's, and finding him alone in the parlour, I threw myſelf on my knees before him—"I have now no father but you, my dear Sir," ſaid I

—" Oh protect me as your child!" —He raiſed me up, and embraced me:—when Mrs. Menheil, who had heard the ſound of my voice, came haſtily into the room, and received me from him with all the tranſports of maternal affection. I had never experienced ſuch careſſes from a mother—ſhe died when I was ſo young —and I found them cordials to my heart.—I related to her what had paſſed, and ſhe embraced me again. " If my ſon ſhould not prove himſelf worthy of this generous conduct," ſaid ſhe, " we will forget he ever exiſted. But he will—I know he will: —he adores his Bertha." My Henry entered—he flew to me, and all my cares were forgotten. Mrs. Menheil repeated to him what I had told her, and he expreſſed his gratitude in a

ſtile peculiar to himſelf—for he was every thing that was amiable.—In a few days we were married—How happily did our time fly away?—Louiſa Menheil, a firſt couſin of my Henry's, lived with us. She was beauty in its utmoſt ſweetneſs; and her heart as amiable as her perſon was lovely. How happy was our little ſociety!—and I may truly ſay, I knew no ſorrow but that of not having my dear and honored father reconciled to a daughter who loved him moſt affectionately. I, however, frequently heard of his welfare—but then, I was told, that he never once mentioned my name, nor would he ſuffer it to be ſpoken of in his preſence. About this time my youngeſt brother returnd from an expedition againſt the ——.

He had received a wound, the cure of which was a long time effecting, and they feared it would terminate in a decline. He was ordered to his native air, and he arrived with the pleasing expectation of being nursed by the tender cares of an affectionate and beloved sister, who had ever been his darling favorite. His first enquiry was for me, and the reply my father made was, "that I had been a long while dead." "Dead!" he exclaimed. "Yes, dead to me. She has married an unknown, and she shares the fate of her husband." "Ah, Bertha! my poor Bertha!" said William. "Her name is never mentioned to me," said my father, "this is the first time I have heard it since she went, and I desire it may be the last." William obeyed—but he de-

determined to ſee me. One morning as we were ſitting at work—my mother, Louiſa, and myſelf—I heard a ſtep upon the ſtairs, and in an inſtant my brother ruſhed into my arms. O with what delight did I return his embrace! He paid me the moſt refined compliments on my marriage; had I given him a prince for a brother his congratulations could not have been more elegant—how grateful were they to my heart. He deſired to be introduced to my huſband. Prepared, by my father, for ſomething mean and low—how aſtoniſhed was he when he ſaw and converſed with my Henry. He was charmed with him; and, in the moſt liberal terms, offered him his friendſhip—which Mr. Menheil received with a grace that was all his

own. This dear brother made us frequent viſits; and, in a ſhort time, I could diſcover that Louiſa had her equal ſhare of them :—he contracted a rapid affection for her; and he ſoon made me his confidante. "I do not at all wonder," ſaid I "that you love Louiſa! It is the natural effect of her innocence and beauty :—and you do well to conſult me, who you know muſt be favorable to you, or, I ſhould pay but a poor compliment to my own example.—However, my dear brother (I added) you know our father's opinion on this matter ;—conſider what will be the conſequences of the connection you wiſh to form, and determine whether you can relinquiſh the advantages you now poſſeſs, for the quiet retirement of a domeſtic life."

life.". "I have nothing to balance againſt it," he replied—"my marrying Louiſa will not deprive me of my rank in the army!—it is of my own acquiring, and I ſhall enjoy it whilſt I neither diſhonor my ſovereign, or my country. And, for any other advantages, my ſiſter—what are they compared to love?" "There is my father's favor," ſaid I, "his protection --his intereſt--and his fortune." "And there is Louiſa!" he cried, "Well," I ſaid, "you ſhall have nothing on my part to regret. I am too happy myſelf to oppoſe an union of inclination;—nevertheleſs, conſult the Count of Montmorenci, and hear what he has to ſay; perhaps he may be more favorable to a ſon, than he was indulgent to a daughter."

He

He conſulted his father, and receiv-ed the ſame anſwer I had done; but in much more violent terms. He threatened to diſinherit him, and to wreak his utmoſt vengeance upon him: but William was too much in love to fear. He propoſed himſelf to Louiſa, who adored him; and not without reaſon, for he was form-ed by the hands of Love, and ani-mated by the breath of the Virtues. —They were married, and we ſtill continued living together. Our riches daily encreaſed, and our purſe was in common. Before the twelve months were at an end, I lay-in of a ſon, who lived but a few ſhort weeks, and then expired in convul-ſions. This was the firſt diſtreſs I experienced; and I was a long time reco-

recovering a blow which was ſo ſeverely fatal to my happineſs. Time, and the affectionate attentions of our little circle, at length reconciled me to this event, which was the forerunner of ſo many calamities. I was recovering my health and ſpirits when a ſpecial order arrived for William to join his regiment: which was immediately to embark for the attack of a garriſon very ſtrongly defended. —— What a ſtroke for Louiſa! As for my brother, though he felt as a man, he ſo well acted the ſoldier, that the moſt penetrating eye could not have diſcovered his regret. He wondered why a regiment, ſo lately returned from very hot duty, ſhould be ſo ſoon ordered out again—it was not cuſtomary—

tomary—and he enquired into the reaſons. "It is," ſaid the agent, "becauſe the officers are all brave men, we know they can be truſted; and, beſides, the Count of Montmorenci has made particular intereſt for this arrangement; he has ſpared no pains to effect it; for he has a ſon in the regiment who has already diſtinguiſhed himſelf; and will doubtleſs, on this occaſion, add to his laurels." "Ah!" cried William to me on his return, "this is a ſcheme of my father's!—but be it ſo—I will prove to him, hat William of Montmorenci knows what is due to the character of a ſoldier; and that his union with the moſt enchanting of women will not prevent his ſupporting the honor of his

his houſe." Louiſa never once attempted to detain him. When my brother was not preſent, indeed, ſhe would frequently indulge her tears —but, the moment he entered, ſhe wore an air of cheerfulneſs, and even pretended to ſet about the preparations for his departure with alacrity. What a trial for a tender and affectionate wife! Her huſband, in whom her life was bound up, was going to leave her—and he was to expoſe himſelf to the very face of danger. But then he had the addreſs to make her believe his ready compliance with this event, and the opportunity he ſhould have of ſignalizing himſelf, would be the means of reconciling my father to them. And ſhe even piqued herſelf upon the ſacri-

ſacrifice ſhe was making to the father of the man ſhe loved. Poor Louiſa!—It was not till he was gone that ſhe felt the whole weight of her affliction: and then—but I will not deſcribe ſcenes which muſt recal diſtreſs in its moſt poignant form. The firſt letter ſhe had from him, was a great alleviation to her ſorrow,—it convinced her of his welfare, and the ſtrength of his attachment:—he did not mention his regiment. The ſecond ſhe received, contained aſſurances of his love!—ſpoke of his brother officers, and gave her hopes of the return of his company immediately after the reduction of the fort.—A third came—it breathed the very ſpirit of valour. They were on the eve of the attack,

attack, and they were certain of victory.—Louiſa was to prepare for him the tribute of applauſe—it was to be her ſmile of approbation, and the requiſite tear of grateful rapture for his ſucceſs. Oh! my glorious brother!—Why was the tear of miſery to flow from the ſame ſource?—In leſs than three weeks after this, when we had juſt finiſhed our dinner; and had drank to the ſucceſs of William, a ſoldier knocked at the door, and putting in a ſmall box, and a letter directed to me, ſaid it required no anſwer, but he had orders to leave it there. With what trembling haſte I opened the letter—never can it be obliterated from my memory — it was

from

from the colonel of the regiment, and contained theſe words :

HOW cruel, that the ſucceſs of many ſhould be fatal to the repoſe of few !—Madam, your valiant brother is no more. But he died a hero—even I, madam, envied him his death. He was the firſt at the attack—it was vigorous, but the repulſe was general ; himſelf, and two other officer's only, maintained their poſts. In an inſtant our men were rallied, and we received the fire of Etna.—Our ſecond attempt was more fortunate, we made a breach, and gained a turret, your brother was the firſt who mounted :—he was as a ray from the helmet of Mars when the ſun ſhines on it :—but a ball took him

him in the ſide, and he fell. "It is nothing," ſaid he, buckling his belt tighter; and again he gained the height—glory ſtreamed around us—the firſt ſhout of "victory" was heard—the beſieged flew; but, like deteſted cowards, in flying fired another volley.—My boy, my William, the pride and glory of my regiment, fell. His wound was mortal; but it was not deciſive, till he had taken his gorget from his neck, and giving it with his ſword into my hands, with a firm and determined voice deſired I would have them delivered to you—that in caſe his wife, his angel wife, (his voice faltered a little) ſhould bear a ſon, they might be given him, as the deareſt legacy of his dying father—("And he will

conquer the world with them," interrupted Bertha, riſing and ſtriking her hand enthuſiaſtically on her heart; which beat with the utmoſt violence)—I ſend you the pledges, madam; but, in the pride of my heart, I have bound his victorious ſword with laurel: let it not be removed, but preſerve it as it is, till the ſon of my valiant hero draws it again in the ſervice of his country. Then ſhall theſe boughs be hung upon his father's tomb, and freſh ones ſhall be acquired by the offspring of the Houſe of Montmorenci.

CONRADE DE BENTHEIM.

Louiſa was ſitting next me when this letter arrived; every pulſe fluttered

tered with impatience.—"Well, Bertha!" ſaid ſhe, at leaſt fifty times whilſt I was reading it—"Well, Bertha! what am I to expect? Ah! I ſee, I ſee your countenance betrays you—give me, give me the letter!" "Be comforted, my ſiſter," I ſaid, "for the ſake of every thing that is dear to you, command yourſelf."—She ſnatched the letter from my hand—it was in vain that either Henry or myſelf diſſuaded her from reading it—ſhe perſiſted. "Well," ſhe ſaid, "and is the haughty Count of Montmorenci ſatisfied?"—ſhe uttered this in a ſhrill, ſcreaming tone of voice, partly from pain, and partly from the horror of her ſituation.—"Ah! no," ſhe continued ſoftly, "the expiation is not complete;—he is but half revenged:—but it will

ſhortly be accompliſhed, — I ſhall die! Bertha —— I ſhall die—— I feel it—but I will act nobly: let the Count have this letter, and tell him Louiſa ſent it him:—that ſhe ſent it to him to glut the darling paſſion of his ſoul; which will rejoice in the exalted manner in which he has murdered two unfortunates. But Henry—Bertha—I charge you both by every thing that is holy that if the child I ſhall ſoon give into your hands ſhould ſurvive me, you never will ſuffer this cruel Count to ſacrifice it to his vengeance. Swear to me, that if you can avoid it, he ſhall never ſee it:—That you will protect it againſt the fury of this oppreſſive tyrant;—and, if it ſhould be a boy, give him that ſword, the laurels of which were ſo dearly earned.

But

But let it not bias him in the choice of his profeſſion—let him be free to chuſe. Thus would his father have ſaid."—In the anguiſh of our hearts we bound ourſelves by the moſt ſolemn ties to fulfil her requeſt, and we promiſed to cheriſh and preſerve it as our own.—She was ſeized with convulſions, which brought on an early labour, and ſhe died in giving birth to our darling Conrade—Sweet ſuffering Louiſa!—even at this inſtant, when ſo many years has ſmoothed the edge of my diſtreſs, even now can I not refuſe a tear to your fate. How bitterly did both Henry and myſelf lament your loſs; and that of our dear, our noble brother.—The letter I had received I kept, and carefully preſerved it as a precious relic for my Conrade—the copy I

encloſed, as Louiſa's dying requeſt to my father.——I informed him of her death, and the manner of it; and I condoled with him on the loſs of a ſon, who was ſuch an ornament to the world.—The next day I received, without any direction, the following note:—

"MY ſon has died gloriouſly—and I revere his manes. But I am not tranſported, for ſcenes of horror are familiar to me. This has but added one bright gleam to the illuſtrious Houſe of Montmorenci—and as it was acquired by the ſword, let it be conveyed to me; and it ſhall be hung up with thoſe of his anceſtors. It will not be the only one which is bound with laurel.

FREDERIC OF MONTMORENCI."

Theſe few lines were characteriſtic of my father:—they ſpoke his feelings, and I would willingly that the ſword had been in his poſſeſſion. Alas! it had been too fatal to wiſh it continued in the family—but the truſt was ſacred, and I would have ſacrificed my life ſooner than have given it into any other hands than thoſe of Conrade. I wrote him an anſwer, at once reſpectful and determined. In which I aſſured him, that nothing could induce me to part with thoſe ſacred relics till I delivered them to the ſon of my departed brother; who was the only heir to them:—and who would, I doubted not, employ them as they deſerved. In about an hour I received, without any direction, as before, theſe few words:

"YOU refuſe me then the ſword? —I know of no ſon that William of Montmorenci left behind him:— his name dies with him. As for the boy you ſpeak of —that ſword will frighten him!

FREDERIC OF MONTMORENCI."

Conrade grew, and my beloved huſband took as much delight in him as I did. Often would he wiſh we had a daughter, that the families might be again united, and Conrade be indeed his ſon. His wiſhes were ſoon accompliſhed, and my Bertha was born.—With what rapture did my Henry receive her from me, and how fondly, how affectionately was he attached to me? Ah!

Ah! my father, one of your predictions was at leaſt never fulfilled—for my Henry was the beſt of huſbands. Soon after the birth of our little girl, we had the misfortune to loſe both Mr. and Mrs. Menheil, who died within a few months of each other. This was a new affliction to us, but the innocent prattle, and engaging manners of our lovely children ſoon employed all our attention: and happy in ourſelves, and them, we extended our views no farther. Our fortune was ample, yet Mr. Menheil ſtill continued his merchandize; and I never thought of contradicting what I fancied contributed to his amuſement. We lived with elegance, indeed with ſplendor; but never, after I became the wife of Henry,

Henry, would I allow them to give me any title—that of Mrs. Menheil was my higheſt boaſt, and except that Henry would, ſometimes in a frolic, inſiſt upon ſerving me with my former eclat, we never once recalled the ſound of Lady Bertha. Five years more elapſed, and I never ſaw my father: indeed we often met in public, but then he never obſerved that I was there; neither did he pretend to avoid me. He would look at me with the ſame indifference that he would at a total ſtranger—how different were my emotions when I looked on him!—I have often wondered how it was poſſible that he could thus ſtifle every tender ſenſation; yet he did, and that without altering a feature of his face. In

all

all this time I had not ſeen my brothers. The eldeſt married according to my father's moſt ſanguine wiſhes. He married the heireſs of an ancient houſe, and an amiable woman, who brought him a large fortune—but he died in a few weeks after his marriage, and not leaving any heir, my father turned his eyes upon Edward—but he never could perſuade him to marry. He had choſen the army as his miſtreſs, and his ambition was to attain the utmoſt height of profeſſion. The Count could not blame this;—it had been the child of *his* affections, and his ſon was but treading in his ſteps. He ceaſed to perſecute him—and he was looking out for an alliance for Joſeph, when he received the

the ſad news of his being blown-up in endeavouring to ſpring a mine, which was, alas! but too well executed.—One would have thought that fate conſpired againſt my father:—but his children died in the bed of honour, and he was ſatisfied. His hopes were again turned towards Edward—he was now his only child (for I had ceaſed to be ſo from my marriage)—But Edward, who inherited all his firmneſs, could not be perſuaded to ſacrifice his happineſs at the altar of Hymen; and it was agreed, that he ſhould take his own way;—my father truſting, that time would reconcile him to the thoughts of ſettling.

Thus was I continually loſing ſome one part of my family—but my

my greateſt trial was yet to come. —Henry, my beloved Henry, was ſeized with a fever, which baffled the utmoſt reach of art. Now was I indeed wretched! —I wearied Heaven with prayers—but Heaven was inexorable —his deſtiny was decided.———I never left him a moment, and one evening taking my hand—"Bertha, my deareſt wife!" ſaid he, "what do I not owe you for all your goodneſs—but I cannot repeat the numerous obligations I have to you—my time muſt now be employed in a requeſt which is very near my heart. You know with what earneſtneſs poor Louiſa recommended her child to our care, and how anxious ſhe was to preſerve it from the Count of Montmorenci

—you

—you know, too, how ſcrupulouſly we have obſerved all ſhe ſaid.—I foreſee, my love, you will have ſome trouble to keep to this injunction —your brother Edward is the only remaining ſon of your family; and he will never marry—then Conrade is heir to the title and eſtates. When I am dead, perhaps, your father's hatred may ceaſe, and he will wiſh to get Conrade into his poſſeſſion that he may model the heir of his fortunes after his own plan—you know what that plan will be. He will teach him to deſpiſe and treat with contempt the daughter of your Henry—he will force his inclinations—and not only oblige him to embrace a profeſſion he may perhaps diſlike, but he will perſiſt in

regulating

regulating his future happineſs by his opinion.——This, my Bertha, would be but ill diſcharging the truſt repoſed in us by Louiſa, or rewarding the attention of the charming boy, who loves us as his parents.—Tell me, Bertha, that you never will conſent to this."—" I have ſworn it, Henry, I have ſworn it to Louiſa; and again I repeat my oath to you. The ſon of William and Louiſa, ſhall never, with my conſent, be ſubject to the will of the Count of Montmorenci—nor ſhall the daughter of Henry and Bertha depend upon any, but Conrade, for her future huſband.—But this, you know, my Henry, is to be guided by their own inclinations—the dear children ſhall not be ſeparated, and if they ſhould

love

love each other, nothing ſhall divide them. Alas! my beloved huſband died! But I dare not dwell upon this ſubject—I will proceed. He had divided his fortune between us—half he left to me, and the other half he gave to Conrade, and his Bertha.—Surely grief will not deſtroy, or I ſhould have died with Henry! but I have done.—Our children grew up together, and the tendereſt affection united them. When Conrade was fifteen, and his education completed, I gave up to him the dear depoſite which I had ſo faithfully guarded—I related to him the hiſtory of his family—and, with an aching heart, I bad him chuſe—I gave him the letter—never ſhall I forget the fire, the energy, with which he read it.—

" And

"And this was my father!" he exclaimed. "Ah! my dear aunt, I do not hesitate a moment—the sword and gorget shall be mine, nor shall the glory of my father be tarnished in the hands of his son. With this letter on my heart, and the sword in in my hand, I could encounter an host of enemies.—O that I may but serve under Conrade de Bentheim!" The sword was taken from the box—he kissed it with reverence, and folded it to his heart—at this moment Bertha entered—"See," said he, holding them both to her—"read this letter, my dearest Bertha; and tell me, whether I have done well in the choice I have made. Look at this sword—was it to be resisted? this was the sword of my father!" Bertha read the letter, and melting into tears—

" Oh! Conrade," ſhe ſighed out, " but you could not do otherwiſe—yet this is....." Conrade's countenance changed—" Does not my Bertha approve?" " Oh! yes, ſhe does, ſhe muſt, the purſuit of honor is your duty; and reſignation ſhall be mine." —I immediately procured him a commiſſion, and it chanced to be in the ſame regiment of which his uncle Edward was commander. They were ordered out, and Conrade did wonders—he ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and the young Montmorenci was adored throughout the ranks. Happy were thoſe who could fight by his ſide. He was eſteemed by his officers, and his general deſired to be better known to him. But what was his ſurprize, his pleaſure, when he learnt from

from himſelf that he was the ſon of his brave brother. He embraced, and promiſed him all his intereſt and protection.—Conrade, who felt for him all the reſpect he merited, with a noble freedom, received, and returned theſe marks of friendſhip: —but he dreaded the protection of the heir to a houſe, whoſe pride had been the deſtruction of his parents. They were abſent for near two years: and in that time Edward became ſo much attached to Conrade, that he would have adopted him as his own. Conrade was grateful for, but declined the honor:—he repreſented to him how highly he ſhould value his friendſhip, but that he had already an eſtabliſhment equal to his wiſhes —that he was maſter of his actions

—that his heart had long been diſpoſed of—and that he was reſolved never to ſubject himſelf to any ſituation which could interfere with the accompliſhment of his moſt ſanguine hopes.—Edward was aſtoniſhed! "And, do you think," he ſaid, "that I would attempt to controul you in an affair on which future happineſs depended? No, my dear nephew, I wiſh only to draw you to me by affection, not to bind you by the chains of duty.—I never mean to marry, and if I did, my child, I could not preſent an heir who would better ſupport the virtues of our anceſtors than you will." "Your ſentiments," replied Conrade, "declares your generous, noble ſpirit: and ſuch an one I could obey; but you

you have a father, ſir, to whom I would not be ſubject for the wealth of worlds!—nor would his title give me conſequence, but in recollection, that its dignity had been preſerved in the perſons of a William and an Edward."—"Beware! Conrade," interrupted my brother, "I reſpect my father." "And *I* reſpect *mine*, ſir," cried Conrade, "and reſpecting him can I ſtoop to his oppreſſor, and the deſtroyer of my mother? No, ſir, marry, and give me a friend who will one day ſhine with all your virtues; and indeed give luſtre to your houſe. As for me, I wiſh not for the title; the name I bear, and the ſword of my father is ſufficient to gain me honor, and with that I can defy the world." "Enough,"

replied Edward, "you are a noble fellow; and ſuch an one that I would be proud to ſhake hands with even in death." The campaign finiſhed, and Conrade returned to us glowing with the ardor of martial conqueſt, and anxious to lay his laurels at the feet of Bertha. He had conſequently correſponded with us during his abſence, and he had prepared us for an interview with Edward; who was reſolved once more to ſee a ſiſter, the traces of whoſe features were quite effaced from his memory. He came, and the pleaſure we experienced was mutual.—Conrade received him with gratitude and reſpect; and he preſented Bertha to him, as "the woman of his heart—his future wife!" Edward

ward beheld my Bertha with marks of the higheſt approbation—but it is not for a mother to repeat the praiſes of her darling child.—In a week after this, a letter was brought to me by one of my father's ſervants—this was the contents—

" EDWARD has ſworn never to marry, and an oath is not to be trifled with.—He talks of a boy, whom you have educated, and to whom you have given the ſword that was William of Montmorenci's. It has inſpired him with valour — and he did not diſgrace it. A youth who has courage and knows when to exert it, may in time prove an ornament to thoſe with whom he is connected!—I am old, and it is

time I choſe an heir. This then is the one I fix on: let him pronounce, whether he can ſupport, without being dazzled, the dignities of ſuch a houſe as mine:—and whether he can encounter the ſplendor of an high alliance.

FREDERIC OF MONTMORENCI."

To this letter Conrade dictated and ſent the following anſwer:

" THE youth you ſpeak of, Sir, owes his courage to the blood of his father; and his valour to the example of his uncle. His undaunted reſolution he has from you: for you gave his father an opportunity of making him that glorious legacy, which

which ſhall accompany him through the world. You, deprived him of a mother; but you have given him an aunt, who has taught him to deſpiſe miſery in ſplendor, and to know the value of happineſs amongſt his equals.

CONRADE OF MONTMORENCI."

I feared the conſequences of this letter—I imagined it would exaſperate my father; and I trembled at the thoughts of his revenge. Judge of my ſurprize, when, in a ſhort time afterwards, I received this note:

" THIS boy will do—I begin to believe he is indeed the ſon of William, and as ſuch I ſhall receive

ceive him——prepare him for this honor. I ſhall expect him at your hands, and the only thing I ſhall require of him, is a ſubmiſſion to my will in point of marriage. That I inſiſt upon.

FREDERIC OF MONTMORENCI."

I wrote my father a very long letter in anſwer to this. In which I informed him that I had ſworn (and reminded *him* of the ſolemnity of an oath) never to relinquiſh the care of Conrade—that he was mine by the will of his parents—that his inclination, which I was determined never to force, prompted him to continue with me, and that in point of marriage his faith was already engaged, which

which I was perſuaded no power could ever induce him to break —I thanked him for his intentions, but informed him, that Conrade was contented.—The meſſenger ſoon returned with the following:

" THE oath of a woman is of no avail: They are not in themſelves of ſufficient conſequence to make what they ſay binding. How is it that you are always to diſpute my will? But I like the boy—he is not yet of age; and the law ſhall determine which is the propereſt guardian for him; you, or I.—You know that I am not to be played with.

FREDERIC OF MONTMORENCI."

What

What a conſternation did this put us into—Bertha was ſcarcely to be comforted, and I felt the ſevereſt ſorrow—Conrade begged we would make ourſelves happy—" at the worſt," he ſaid, " I can but be his till I am of age, and then will I fly back to my charming friends, and recompence myſelf for my loſt time." As to myſelf I ſaw nothing ſo terrible in Conrade's being with the Count.—The marriage he would have inſiſted on—but Conrade would have inſiſted too, and his faith I would have truſted had it been for ſeven years.—But then the promiſe I had made his mother, and my huſband, I reſolved to keep inviolate—nothing could ſhake my determination, and I would try it in all the courts

courts in Europe. We ſent for our counſel, and for all the advice we thought neceſſary. Various were the opinions. The Count had ſuch amazing intereſt—the young man in queſtion was the only heir to an houſe of ſuch conſequence—I had no witneſſes of what his mother had requeſted, and as to the young man's choice determining it, he was not of age, and had therefore no voice in the matter.—Conrade felt a horror at the thoughts of reſiding with the Count—he could not bear to be indebted to him for even a kind look, nor would he leave his adored Bertha.—We were adviſed to diſguiſe ourſelves, and paſſing for people of an inferior claſs, to go to the frontiers, and there wait the decree.

cree. If it was againſt us we might eſcape to a neighbouring ſtate, and if it was in our favor, we might return unmoleſted. Here then, madam, we are—leſs than a month will decide our fate. When the cauſe is to be heard, I muſt be preſent, but my children ſhall remain here, and in the mean time you may imagine, I wiſh as much as poſſible to avoid the ſight of every ſtranger. The circumſtance that conducted you hither, and the humanity of your attention to a perſon unknown, has induced me to repoſe a confidence in you, which would be fatal to us were it revealed—but you ſeem above diſguiſe, and ſeeing the neceſſity of it, will I am ſure preſerve our ſecret.—Here this charming woman finiſhed a

ſtory

ſtory which had gained my utmoſt attention—Maria, what a noble fellow was William! and how I adore Conrade!—I wiſh he could be known to Werter, but that is impoſſible—it would be unjuſt to attempt it——Werter muſt not know of their being here. And you, my Maria—but I need not caution you, the requeſt of Mrs. Menheil to me would enſure your ſilence as much as if you had made me the promiſe.—I cannot perſuade them to viſit me; nor could I, after what I have heard, expect it, but I have ſaid I will ſee them frequently, and I mean to do it. Adieu, my dear friend—I have written a very long letter, but I could not break off in the middle of ſuch a ſtory, and I ſend it to you all at once.—Farewell.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

April the 7th.

OH! Maria, what have you ſaid? Is Werter then one of thoſe inſiduous characters, who, conſcious of their own power of pleaſing, avail themſelves of the indulgent gifts of nature, and the more refined additions of art to inſpire affection in the heart of an innocent and virtuous woman, whom they only mean to deceive. Who, amuſe themſelves by feigning an affection which their conduct implies they feel in its utmoſt extent, and which by every art in their power—by every elegant perſuaſion, they wiſh to make the woman underſtand. When they ſee that

that the conſtant courſe of their attentions have made ſome impreſſion on her, and that they are become neceſſary to her happineſs, they ſhield themſelves behind the mean evaſion of "I never told her I loved her—what right had ſhe to ſuppoſe ſo? I gave up all my time indeed to her, becauſe I found nothing better to employ it; but ſhe is a fool if ſhe ſuppoſes I meant any thing more than *badinage*, or, perhaps, I might feel ſome ſhare of friendſhip for her"—Oh! ye, who thus impoſe, reflect a moment—a young woman, pleaſing in her perſon, amiable in her manners, of an uncorrupt heart, lives in the boſom of her family in the utmoſt peace and harmony. She is diſtinguiſhed by

a man of the character I have described; his visits are received by the family, who believe him serious, and the unsuspecting girl admits him to a heart that knows no guile.—She supposes him to be the man he appears—possessed of every virtue cultivated by the graces, and she the happy object who has called them forth. Day after day passes on, and each as they roll bring an addition to her happiness. To the parents he displays sentiments of worth and honor—for the young people he has constant sources of amusement—but this distinguished one is the idol of his vows. His attentions are too pointed to pass unobserved—they are perceived by every body, and every body congratulates her upon

upon having gained the heart of ſo valuable a young man. What pleaſure ſhe takes in hearing him praiſed! and ſhe begins to aſſure herſelf of the reality of this—every hour he becomes dearer to her. In the mean time he has never ſaid, "Will you marry me?"—but he has ſaid every thing elſe. She has, however, no tie upon him.—Delicacy prevents any of the family from the interfering, or enquiring into his intentions—they fancy them too public to admit a doubt.—Of a ſudden, buſineſs or pleaſure calls him to ſome other quarter of the world — he takes his leave, and parts from her with the greateſt emotion. He ſays no more, but ſhe impatiently expects his return—he is her only hope—

ſhe forms no wiſhes but for him.—Months move by, and no tidings of him. At laſt, ſhe hears he is married to another.—What a ſhock is this!—it ſtrikes to her heart. She is aſtoniſhed at his deceit, but ſhe conceals her grief: pride, obliges her to conceal it, and it gnaws the deeper—it preys upon her ſpirits, and deſtroys her conſtitution. She pines away her life, and at length ſhe reſigns it, a martyr to the deceptions of a man who has no one plea to offer in his excuſe;—but, "That ſhe ought to have ſeen he was only amuſing himſelf." Her reſpectable family!—what compenſation can be made to them for ſuch a loſs. They adored her, and ſhe is ſacrificed in the bloom of life.—

Maria!

Maria! my heart bleeds at this ſpectacle—and I fear, I fear it is too often practiſed. But Werter—it is impoſſible—Werter can never be this mean, this deſpicable being—who, to gratify the vanity of his heart, thus ruins the peace of a whole family. Such a man would take your purſe on the highway—he would enter your houſe by midnight, and deſpoil it of its treaſures, but that he fears the ignominious puniſhment that muſt enſue.—He would ſap the foundation of an empire and overturn its laws, but that he has not the ſoul to be greatly a villain. No; it is for him to murder by ſtealth, and then, in the exultation of his heart, to clap his hands and ſay, "I am within the letter of

the law, and I am ſafe."—Oh! Werter is not the thing I have been deſcribing.

LETTER XXXI.

April the 8th,

I Had but juſt finiſhed my laſt letter when Werter entered—he found me in tears, and anxiouſly enquired the cauſe. I would have turned from him—the characters I had finiſhed roſe full upon my mind. If Werter and Eleanora ſhould realize them, thought I—and I ſcarcely deigned to look on him—it ſhall be my part at leaſt to prevent this cruel ſacrifice.—I will deprive myſelf of the preſent happineſs I enjoy, and Werter ſhall not triumph in his fancied con-

conqueſt.—I had hardly time to form this reſolution, when he threw himſelf on the chair next me. "What ails you, my Ellen," he ſaid—"and why is this reſerve?—you have been in tears—they flow even now, and you make no anſwer to my enquiries.—"Tell me, tell me, Ellen," he added haſtily, "what is it has made you ſo uneaſy—is it any thing I have...." "No, indeed," I replied, aſſuming an air of coldneſs—"you are quite yourſelf, you cannot diſpleaſe." "That tone is not your own, Eleanora, from whence have you borrowed it? How unlike that air of tenderneſs ſo natural to you." There was nothing particular in this—yet conſciouſneſs, Maria, how often does it interpret, and ſometimes with what injuſtice?

juſtice?—"Of tenderneſs," I repeated haughtily—it was enough in itſelf to have convinced Werter—Inſtantly I felt the force of it, and a bluſh of the deepeſt dye covered my face.—"We do not underſtand each other to-day, Werter," I added. "We do not, indeed," ſaid he with a ſigh—"It is my fate not to be underſtood—but your tears diſtreſſed me; and could I help wiſhing to know the cauſe?"—"I cannot tell you," cried I, ſobbing—"indeed I cannot tell you; but have the goodneſs to leave me—I am not well, or perhaps I am capricious, and....." "I will not go, Ellen," he replied, "I muſt ſtay with you. Let us read—I have brought with me a little French pamphlet, and I want your opinion of it.

But

But it may affect you—ſhall I keep it till to-morrow?" "No; read it, read it," ſaid I, "I am juſt in the humour to liſten to a piece of that kind."—I took my work and he began. The ſtory was pathetic, and deſcribed with all that elegant ſimplicity which the French know ſo well how to render intereſting—

"Claude and Iſabelle were tenderly attached to each other—they were poor, and agreed to wait patiently till induſtry and œconomy allowed them to marry.—Iſabelle would frequently paint to herſelf the happy proſpects that the idea of ſuch an union preſented—ſhe would deſcribe the charms of frugality when it tended to the comfort of the object of her wiſhes—ſhe would fancy herſelf ſurrounded

rounded by her little family, dividing equally amongſt them, the labours of the day; and if ſhe herſelf had the ſmalleſt ſhare, it was a privation ſhe did not feel, ſince what ſhe relinquiſhed was reſerved for Claude; who, on his return from work, would enjoy his repaſt, for he would be ignorant that what he eat was thus ſpared from his Iſabelle's. On the other hand, Claude would work inceſſantly, and all the money that he got he would carefully put it by towards procuring furniture for his Iſabelle's cottage.—He lived upon a turnip, to accumulate ſufficient for ſome few neceſſaries and a licenſe. This was his morning's thought, and his evening's ſubject—He adored Iſabelle, and he was beloved with equal truth. They had fixed upon

the

the cottage they were to dwell in—already Claude had begun to cultivate the garden, and it was Iſabelle's pride (when the taſk ſhe had ſet herſelf at her lace, or at her ſpinning wheel, was finiſhed) to walk thither, and conſult with Claude upon the beſt ſituation for the fruits or flowers.—Every evening ſhe perceived new beauties—the vines grew, and ſhe tied them up—ſhe pruned the roſe trees, and ſpread the honeyſuckle over the hedge—whilſt Claude planted the cabbages, and turned the paths that they might be eaſier for her to walk upon. The cottage was almoſt furniſhed, and they wanted but a trifle for the purchaſe of the licenſe. Claude and Iſabelle were in the garden as uſual.—"The air is cool, my dear Iſabelle,"

belle," ſaid he, "beſides this walk is damp, you will certainly take cold—let us return.—I will take theſe grapes to your father, and we will ſup together." "Ah, my dear friend, what a flavor will that give to them—but let me add this bunch, this fine bunch, and it ſhall be for you, you will not refuſe Iſabelle?" "No, my charming wife, (Iſabelle bluſhed) you know how to make them acceptable, it is you who gathered them, and you will carry them in your hand." "Claude, will you ever love me leſs than you do now?" "No, indeed, my little Iſabelle—but why that queſtion?" "Becauſe I have been told, that when folks are married, they forget each other, at leaſt they forget every

fond

fond attention, and love dies of itſelf—and, perhaps, when I am *indeed* your wife, this may happen to you—if ſo, never let us marry, for I feel I could not ſupport your indifference even now—and how much leſs when the prieſt has united us, and we depend on each other only for all our future happineſs?" "Who has told you any thing ſo fooliſh? No, Iſabelle, I have loved you ever ſince you gave me that noſegay in the field behind the little wood. How diſdainfully you looked when Guilliaume aſked you for it—and when I begged it, what a timid glance you gave your mother—"Give it him, my child," ſhe ſaid, "He deſerves it." How modeſt was your air as you held it out to me.

me. "Here, Claude," ſaid you, "It is yours." I put it in my boſom, and I longed to kiſs it, but I did not dare, for fear your mother ſhould be angry—but when I got home, I kiſſed it twenty times—I laid it upon my pillow—I talked to it all night, and in the morning when I roſe, I locked it up in my box, all but one flower, which I put in my boſom, and every minute that I reſted from my work I pulled it out and kiſſed it:—at night, I put the bunch upon my pillow again, and the next morning I took another flower, and ſo I did every day till they were all gone—the roſe was the laſt, and then I was glad to take that leaf by leaf." "And I, Claude, have got the pencil you

gave

gave me—it has no point to be ſure, but then I never cut it, becauſe it ſhall not decreaſe. But tell me, when I gave you the knot of ribbon for your hat, did you not forget the flowers? and if ſo...." "Ah! that knot of ribbon—but let me lift you over this ſtile."—This converſation will give you an idea of the two lovers, how artleſs, and yet how tender.—At the moment they met ſeveral men, who ſeized on Claude, and, in the name of their king, conveyed him to a veſſel which was ready to ſail, and which waited only for men. Regardleſs of the ſcreams and cries of the terrified Iſabelle, or the violent ſtruggles of Claude, they carried him away, and were out of ſight in a moment.

ment.—With great difficulty, Iſabelle reached home, and related, in the moſt moving manner, this horrid ſcene. But he was gone—and ſhe was left in deſpair. In vain they applied for juſtice—inſtead of a king's ſhip it was a trading veſſel, and this was the method they took to get it manned. Its having been a deception, was of no avail to Iſabelle—the ſhip was ſailed, and Claude was in it.—Nothing but the hand of Providence could have ſupported her in this diſtreſs—ſhe was almoſt frantic.—At length ſhe received a letter from him —ſhe flew with it to her mother ——Claude begged her to beware of Guilliaume, for he had reaſon to believe this cruel ſeparation was of his contrivance—he aſſured her of

his

his fidelity, and of his reliance on *hers*—She was tranſported with this letter, it was her only companion—ſhe careſſed it inceſſantly, and ſhe deteſted Guillaume—Not ſo her parents—Guillaume was rich and preſent—Claude was abſent and poor—they hinted this to Iſabelle, who would not liſten to it—Claude was all to her—(he was her Werter, Maria) ſhe knew no care but for him—ſhe knew no joy but in his ſafety, and the chance of his return. Every day paſſed on in hope, and every evening brought diſappointment.—Claude neither came or wrote—At length a report prevailed in the village that the ſhip was loſt in which Claude was—it reached Iſabelle—ſhe ran wild with terror to the owners

of the veſſel, and they confirmed the melancholy truth. She was in deſpair—every hour added to her wretchedneſs—all her days were ſpent in bewailing Claude——ſhe neglected herſelf, ſhe declined her food, and ſhe would take no comfort. Guillaume came frequently to the cottage, (for he was her neighbour) he tried to ſooth and amuſe her, but ſhe would not liſten to him—ſhe was undone, and the only ſatisfaction ſhe ſeemed to take, was in ſitting whole days by the ſea-ſide, and fixing her eyes intently on the waves from whence ſhe never moved them, but to raiſe them to Heaven, as if to implore its mercy—Misfortunes are never ſingle—amongſt thoſe who have only the labour of their hands to depend

pend upon, the ceſſation of a day's work reduces them almoſt to want. The tender mother of Iſabelle could not ſee her child's diſtreſs without wiſhing to alleviate it—ſhe therefore gave up her time to her—ſhe would have conſoled her, but in vain—her work was neglected, and they truſted in the father of the family for ſupport.

For a time he purſued his labour, but he fell ill, and they had nothing to depend on.—They borrowed of their friends, hoping they might one day be able to pay, but that time did not arrive—and then they ſold what little they were poſſeſſed of, which their creditors perceiving, thought to come in for their ſhare, and cruelly ſent them to priſon.—Iſabelle fol-

lowed—for ſhe had no choice in her habitation—the houſe—the fields, or the priſon were alike to her. In this melancholy hour, and when they were almoſt periſhing for want of food, Guillaume ſtepped forth—he offered them every aſſiſtance—but Iſabelle was to be the reward. The ſacrifice of the daughter appeared too terrible to theſe afflicted parents, and they refuſed his help, till famine aſſailed them, and in this agony they cried to their daughter for relief—her own hunger ſhe cared not for, but the cries of her parents ſhe could not reſiſt, and ſhe offered herſelf to Guillaume. He married her, and reſtored her father and mother to comfort, for Guillaume was a rich farmer, and had wherewithal to live well.—

well.—He ſpared no expence for Iſabelle, for he adored her ; but ſhe was careleſs of every thing he ſaid and did—ſhe anſwered when he ſpoke to her, and that was all—ſhe ſhut herſelf up, and never but when ſhe went to church could ſhe be perſuaded to leave the houſe. At thoſe times ſhe would always walk round by the water ſide, and look wiſtfully at the ſea. One morning, in her way by the quay, ſhe obſerved that a veſſel was juſt arrived, and the paſſengers were landing—ſhe ſtopped to look at them.—A young man came on ſhore—" 'Tis Claude," ſhe cried out—" My Iſabelle," he exclaimed, and they ruſhed to each others embrace—The ſudden tide of joy was too much for her, ſhe felt

it, and would have diſengaged herſelf, and ſhe gently put her hand againſt his boſom.—He caſt his eyes upon her wedding ring—and in the ſame moment they both expired."

I know not whether I have done juſtice to this little affecting ſtory, Maria, I believe I have curtailed it of many graces—that of Werter's voice you loſe entirely, and though that added much to me, yet I think the tale is in itſelf ſufficiently intereſting to claim a few minutes attention, eſpecially as it is ſaid to be founded on fact, and the circumſtance has given riſe to many different publications.—Poor unfortunate Iſabelle—what a fate was thine—but in death you were united—Farewell, Maria, this is a melancholy ſubject

to

to meditate upon—I will therefore quit it—Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

April the 9th.

THAT letter of yours, my dear friend, has made ſuch an impreſſion on my heart—I cannot get the better of it, and will you believe that I ſtudied being out this morning when I knew Werter would call. I went to Mrs. Menheil's, and with Conrade, Bertha and herſelf, I ſpent two very pleaſant hours. Thoſe two young people ſhould never be ſeparated—they are formed

for each other, and they will have but few equals. As I looked at them to-day, I regretted the deſtiny which may one day, perhaps, divide them. Ah! if we knew what is comprized in our wiſh for long life, how few, how very few of us would turn our thoughts that way. I remember once reading of a tablet, which, placed in different ſituations, informed the poſſeſſor of the variety of occurrences which were to happen to him during his life. He had been at infinite pains and expence to bring this to perfection. I do not know, whether he had not found the philoſopher's ſtone, which he had pulverized and reduced (in a crucible) to a liquid,

liquid, in order to varniſh this ſurprizing tablet. He was impatient for the firſt view—it foretold him of the birth of a ſon.—" Good," ſaid he. " Another peep"—his riches encreaſed by an unexpected addition, " This is excellent, my precious tablet! Let us proceed"—his wife was falſe, and he was diſgraced. " Ah! change the poſition." A ſevere fit of illneſs, during which his truſty ſervant decamps with his property—ſtop him! ſtop him! he exclaimed. " But let me look again." —His wife dies.—" This will do!—once more."—His darling ſon, the pride of his heart, turns profligate—he diſſipates his wealth and.... " Enough, enough: I will

cloſe

cloſe the account." He ſums up the good and the bad, and calculating the chances, finds they are againſt him. To prevent, therefore, the evil that muſt enſue—he breaks the tablet—and at night, before his wife's face (who was the forerunner of all his misfortunes) he hung himſelf in his own garters. I fancy we ſhould none of us like our tablets. As for me, the only ones I would chuſe, would be ſuch as could ſhew me thoſe I love when I am at a diſtance from them—How frequently then ſhould I look for my Maria.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

April the 15th.

IN the evening of the day I wrote to you laſt, Werter came. He told me he had called in the morning but could not find me—that he had walked thro' my favorite paths, but I was not there—"And tell me, Ellen," he added, "where had you concealed yourſelf?" "I had choſen the fields," I ſaid, "and I am ſorry we did not meet." "It was unlucky for me," he replied, "for I was anxious to ſee you, I could not be happy till I knew you were well—thoſe tears yeſterday, Ellen! they diſtreſſed me extremely." "You are very polite—I am ſorry you ſhould grieve on my account." "Polite!"

"Polite!" he repeated in a tone of amazement——"Polite!"—and he walked up and down the room. "Is that extraordinary, Werter?" "I really do not know, but I had fancied, that to you I was ſomething more than polite." "You are," ſaid I—"You are my *friend*, but is friendſhip and politeneſs incompatible?" "Friendſhip and form are incompatible—In the eye of the world, a quiet exchange of mutual expreſſions of eſteem, with now and then, a "how do you"—and thoſe at ſtated periods, is called friendſhip.—But is the divine enthuſiaſm, the generous ardor that true and ſincere friendſhip inſpires, to be cramped within theſe rules?" "There is a certain decorum to be obſerved

obſerved in every line, particularly from a woman." "I grant it, Ellen, a woman cannot be too circumſpect, her defenceleſs ſituation requires it. But do you make no difference between the cold rules of politeneſs, and the genuine warmth of friendſhip? Or, is politeneſs only what you feel for me?" "Ah! Werter," I ſaid, "you know it is not——my ſincereſt, my higheſt friendſhip is yours." "I thank you, Ellen, I thank you—but you can——I ſee——diſtinguiſh—" My glove fell from my lap—he picked it up, and preſſed it to his lips with rapture—it was a thouſand times more expreſſive than if he had kiſſed my hand—and as he returned

it,

it, I felt my face glow—his attentions, during the time he ſtayed, were ſo elegant and ſo refined.—Maria! when I ſee him watching with tranſport every turn of my countenance—when I behold him liſtening with attention to every ſentence I utter——why at theſe times am I not permitted to lay open to him the ſecret ſentiments of my ſoul? Why may I not expreſs my gratitude?—my gratitude! O why at thoſe moments may I not ſay, "Werter I love you."

LETTER XXXIV.

May the 1ſt.

PONTHIN has been here, and you know not how glad I was to ſee him—he brought me a letter from my aunt, which he ſhould have delivered long before, he ſaid, but that an illneſs ariſing from, he believed, an agitation of mind, had kept him at ——— longer than he intended. "The Phyſicians," added he, "would not ſuffer me to leave them, but I have now ſtolen away upon a very happy occaſion—my brother is to be married in a few days to the lady I talked to you of, and I am to join their hands." "May they be happy," I replied—"but has her father then conſented." "He has

has," ſaid he, "for a brother of his who is rich, inſiſted on the marriage being immediately ſolemnized, and offered to ſettle a handſome fortune on his niece, if her father would approve the union.—He readily complied with this propoſal, and you may ſuppoſe George is impatient for my arrival." "This is a fortunate and an unexpected turn; and I rejoice in it, for it will give you almoſt as much pleaſure as it does to them—you love your brother, and can feel his happineſs." "I do, indeed; I feel it very ſenſibly, and I wiſh....." "Our wiſhes are traitors, Ponthin: but tell me, how is the Count?" "He is ſtill indiſpoſed, but much recovered from his fever—it took ſtrong hold upon him—*that* in his heart,

heart, I believe, will never be removed." "A violent attack is, you know, the ſooner decided, and death or health is the alternative. It is the ſlow conſuming diſorder that laſts, and whoſe effect is ſure."—"And how it makes us linger, Eleanora—it kills by inches."—He walked to the window, threw up the ſaſh with violence, then pulled it down again, and coming to me—"which death," ſaid he, "would you prefer." "The lingering one," I anſwered, "for then we have time to recollect and prepare ourſelves." "Yes—but when we are prepared, when we have been long prepared—when the failure of every ſcheme—the diſappointment of every expectation has prepared us, and our fondeſt hopes are croſſed—then to

take at once the glorious leap, and fly to raptures inexpreſſible.....O! Eleanora"..... "You make me ſhudder, Ponthin—what is it you talk about?—And the preparation you ſpeak of; is that a fit one?—In a pilgrimage to the holy land, if you meet a ſtone in your way that requires you to lift your foot higher than you have hitherto done, before you can paſs it, are you to declare you will not croſs it, but turn and take refuge in the ſanctuary from whence you ſat out? Where then is your reſolution?—and at this rate, how will your pilgrimage be accompliſhed?" "If I do not wiſh it accompliſhed, Eleanora?—If I am inclined to withdraw before I reach the deſtined goal?...." "Why then do you undertake the journey?—what is your view?" "It

is not voluntary, I am compelled to do it, I find myſelf in a ſituation not of my own ſeeking, and I am told I muſt purſue the tract of others, that I muſt follow their footſteps, and like them wait for my releaſe; and I am accuſed of being criminal if I form a wiſh to enfranchiſe myſelf. Surely it cannot be a crime!" "This ſounds well Ponthin, but is not the reaſoning ſuperficial? You are here, 'tis true, without your own conſent—but tell me, did you ever hear of any individual who lamented this involuntary reſidence till he was induced to do it by ſome misfortunes that he had met with, or ſome diſappointment to his hopes?—Mortified vanity, the loſs of friends, or the paſſions diſappointed, are the original cauſes that we wiſh for death. No child before he attains

the age of reaſon, and the faculties of comparing good and bad, ever thinks of death but as a terror that hangs over him; a clear proof this that our mere exiſtence is a bleſſing which we enjoy, and from which we derive happineſs. As ſoon as we are capable of diſtinguiſhing, we are inſtructed in the religion of our fore-fathers—we are taught that we are the work of a ſuperior Being. Every thing tends to enforce this opinion—every day brings us additional proof of the fact. We are then convinced, that it is to this Being we are indebted for the innocent pleaſures of childhood, and we are grateful—we wiſh to know more of him—we ſtudy his precepts, and his commandments—a new ſcene opens before us, we read

our

our duty—we compare--we combine, and from the whole we form to ourſelves a ſyſtem, which conſcience requires that we abide by. The enfranchiſement you talk of is denied us—it is not for us to enquire why—it is enough that we know it is ſo, and that it is the apple from the tree of knowledge. —We profeſs our tenets and ſhould we fly from them? This is not following the tract of others, it is our own voluntary diſtinction. We believe in God —we know that a ſtrict adherence to his will is a duty expected from us, and that a compliance with it will attain for us immortal glory. Thus diſtinguiſhing, and thus believing, is not a deviation from his commands a crime? Without a doubt we are left at full liberty to indulge in what

we like—but let us not preſume to ſay, that that indulgence is lawful, or that becauſe it pleaſes us it will eſcape puniſhment—misfortunes will certainly induce us to part with life without regret—but a reſignation to the Divine Will—a conſciouſneſs of having acted well the part allotted to us, and an humble truſt in the mercies of our Creator—Are not theſe the only proper preparations for a life of immortality? But, my dear Ponthin, it is not for me to explain the word of God to you—rather ſhould you inſtruct and fortify me, who am ſo very much your inferior in this, as in every point of knowledge."——

"You are my ſuperior, Eleanora, you have confuted my argument, and I have learnt from you, in a few words,

words, the duty I owe myſelf in a ſtrict adherence to the will of Heaven. Let what will befall me, I will regulate myſelf by the mildneſs, the gentleneſs that plays about you—and when in an impetuous moment, in the hurry of paſſion, or the ſting of diſappointment, I am inclined to regret my exiſtence, then will I call to mind this converſation, and the remembrance of it ſhall be as a balm to my diſordered ſoul.—Farewell, my dear Eleanora, I muſt leave you whilſt I have the power to go."——I could not perſuade him to ſtay for Werter's coming.—" No," ſaid he, " I wiſhed only to ſee you, no other conſideration could have delayed me a moment from my family, who are anxiouſly expecting me--Adieu, Ellen!

may you enjoy every comfort you ſo well know how to beſtow—If I live we may meet again."—He left me, and it was with the greateſt regret I ſaw him go—When Werter came he was all affection—his manner excited my tenderneſs—Ah! ſaid I to myſelf, that I was beloved by you! But I am—it is certain that I am—every thing declares it—But Werter himſelf will not tell me ſo—perhaps he thinks he is indifferent to me—if he could but ſee my heart, he would beſtow on me that pity he ſeems to wiſh to excite.—But, Maria, Werter does ſee it—he muſt know that his conduct, his manners, are not to be obſerved with indifference.—Perhaps he ſees it, but too clearly, and fancies me a fond believing girl—Heaven knows

knows that I would ſacrifice my life to pleaſe Werter—but that he ſhould fancy me fond !—and that before his declaration has authoriſed it—that is what I could not bear.

LETTER XXXV.

May the 3d.

THIS is the ſecond day that Werter has miſſed coming, and I have felt his abſence very ſeverely. I ſat down to work, and I roſe twenty times to ſee if he was coming up the avenue. I took up Geſler, and threw it down again diſcontented—Then I would have walked out, but the fear of miſſing him prevented me.—The morning

morning paſſed in this ſtate of uneaſineſs—In the afternoon I went down the field, and ſat upon the ſtile over which I knew he muſt paſs.—I ſtaid there till it was almoſt dark, but Werter did not appear.—Perhaps he is ill Maria! or perhaps ſome other engagement prevented him—to-morrow I hope will ſatisfy me in this particular.

LETTER XXXVI.

May the 11th.

MARIA, I have not yet recovered my ſurpriſe—Werter is gone—and gone without having told me of his intention.—You will ſay, this is but retaliating—but Werter

ter cannot have the ſame motives that I had, you ſhall judge.—A week paſſed by, and I neither ſaw or heard of him. "He muſt be ill," ſaid I, "and I cannot bear this ſuſpence—I will go to the town where I may enquire, and perhaps learn the cauſe of this abſence." The firſt perſon I met was Becquer—"How is Werter?" ſaid I—"He is well," he replied, "I have juſt heard from him"—"Heard from him!" I repeated—"where is he then?" "He is gone from hence," he ſaid, "he has been gone this week." "And when?" I aſked, affecting a tone of indifference—when do you expect him back again!" "It is uncertain," ſaid Becquer, "he is gone on buſineſs, but will not, I imagine, ſtay long." We parted, and

and I returned almoſt petrified.—What am I to think of this, Maria?——But it muſt ſurely be ſome ſudden buſineſs, and that of immediate conſequence, or he never would have left me thus.

LETTER XXXVII.

May the 27th.

I Have been to-day at the cottage, and I found only Bertha and Conrade.—She was at work, and he was reading to her—Mrs. Menheil, they told me, was gone to be preſent at the trial, and they waited with the utmoſt impatience her return, which they expected every hour;

hour; for ſhe imagined ſhe ſhould not be abſent above three days, and ſhe had been gone a week. "It will be a great deciſion," ſaid Conrade. "I tremble for its conſequences," added Bertha—"Its conſequences cannot be fatal to us, my Bertha," returned Conrade, "for which ever way it is decided, I never will relinquiſh you—you are mine by every tie of faith and love, and I will claim you in the face of millions." "You are right, Conrade," I ſaid—"The heart that is capacious enough to admit of honor, will always reſerve a place for love. And the warrior never appears to more advantage, than when he is defending the cauſe of the injured, and protecting the rights of domeſtic happineſs. A

character

character that unites love and honor is a credit to his country, and the boaſt of his family."—" I do not doubt Conrade's affection," ſaid Bertha," " But I dread the Count of Montmorenci." " Virtue; ſhould never fear, my Bertha it is in itſelf ſuperior to title, power, or intereſt, and you will find it will at laſt conquer." Conrade had ſcarcely finiſhed this ſentence, when Mrs. Menheil arrived.—I am come to bring you the decree! my children," ſhe ſaid—" We have loſt our cauſe, (Bertha turned pale and Conrade flew to ſupport her) but you will not be diſſatisfied—liſten to what I am going to ſay. The court was crouded—every one was in expectation, as upon this decree the

happineſs

happineſs of many depended. The Count appeared. His noble and venerable figure attracted univerſal attention—with what different emotions was I agitated at his entrance—my heart beat with fear, reſpect, duty, and love for my children. My father advanced, and laid his claim to Conrade,—" As, after Edward, he was his only heir. He was an orphan—a minor, and *his* grandſon! was he not the proper guardian for him?"—" I repeated the requeſt of his mother, who had given him into our hands—and the deſire of my huſband, who was his guardian, when the Count neglected and deſpiſed him.—The Count was circumſpect, and confined to his demand—I was firm, and ſupported Conrade's choice.

choice. At length I was told, that mine was no evidence at all, ſince I had no witneſſes of what Louiſa or Henry had ſaid, and my voice could not poſſibly decide in my own cauſe.——I foreſaw what would be the conſequence of this—and preſently the cauſe was given againſt us, and Conrade decreed to the care of the Count of Montmorenci. In tears I left the court, but reſolved to throw myſelf at the feet of the emperor, and ſue for redreſs.—I went home very much agitated, and was preparing to return to you, when about ſeven o'clock this letter was brought me:

"I HEAR that Conrade is ſecreted, and now, that he is mine, you mean

to

to remove him from theſe dominions. Inconſiderate that you are, what will the world ſay of you? Do not ſuppoſe that I glory in my triumph. I knew from the firſt that the victory would be mine, and I had prepared to act accordingly —compaſſion and mercy are ever attendant on true nobleneſs of ſoul, and I will ſpare you the diſgrace of a mean action. You have a daughter, who I am told is extolled for her beauty, and virtue, and that Conrade loves her.—I will unite them, and by that means I ſhall expunge the name of Menheil from my family, and reſtore to my houſe its original dignity.—This is at leaſt what you will not contradict. Bertha, I ſhall expect to ſee you this evening

—and now that I have put you in a way of procuring your happineſs, without involving you in meanneſs, you may appear before me without a bluſh, and you ſhall be received as the daughter of

FREDERIC OF MONTMORENCI."

There was a haughtineſs in this, mingled with tenderneſs, ariſing I believe from ſome kind of fear, leſt Conrade ſhould be already out of his reach. He is the only remaining branch of the family, and, from his conduct, very dear to my father. You may ſuppoſe this letter gave me the greateſt happineſs, for I know, that what the Count once promiſes he will perform. I went

to

to him immediately, and he received me with an affection that he had long diſguiſed. I fell at his feet, and expreſſed my gratitude for his kindneſs, and thanked him for his intentions towards my children. "Are you ſatisfied, Bertha?" he ſaid—"I cannot reſtore to you the dignity you have loſt, but I can, by uniting Conrade and your daughter, prevent them from diſgracing me farther—I do not ſay this to mortify you, but to convince you of the happineſs you ſtill enjoy, ſince the ſucceſſion of the noble houſe of Montmorenci will be continued through your deſcendants. And that Conrade may approach me with pleaſure, tell him that I appoint this day week for the celebration

of his nuptials with Bertha." "My grandfather has ſtudied nature," ſaid Conrade, "as well as art—this is the only way he could have taken to make me obedient to him, and to induce me to forget his former injuries.—But will my charming Bertha conſent? It is to her I will owe this happineſs." "My mother ſhall judge for me," returned Bertha, (bluſhing) "I will be guided by her." "Submiſſion to the will of the Count, my dear children, will not I fancy be diſpleaſing to either of you, and I ſhall look upon his appointment as the time fixed."

Conrade was tranſported with joy, and Bertha's elegant countenance expreſſed ſatisfaction; whilſt Mrs. Menheil indulged the delightful ſenſations

tions that the happy termination of this affair had occaſioned. They would have made a moſt expreſſive picture.—Conrade was kneeling at Bertha's feet—who with a timid air had given him her hand, whilſt the mother ſtood before them, and with a look of the utmoſt tenderneſs bent rather forward, with her arms extended, as if to embrace them both in the attitude they were then in.—I was charmed with this ſcene, and congratulated them moſt ſincerely on their happy proſpects. When I took my leave they expreſſed their thanks for my conſtant attention to them, and gave me a preſſing invitation to viſit them at ———, to which place they are preparing to ſet out.—Happy family! I do not envy their lot—but

if mine had been as fortunate, I could have been very grateful for it—Farewell, Maria, I am not well, and muſt bid you an haſty adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.

June the 10th.

A Month is paſt, and yet no news of Werter! If you were to aſk me how I have ſpent my time during this month? I am ſure I could not tell you—A thouſand different paſſions have taken poſſeſſion of me, —tormented me by turns—Hope and Fear now rule alternatively—what various conjectures have I formed?—How many excuſes have I made for his

his abſence? and all perhaps unlike the real one. I have waited with anxiety the arrival of every poſt, but I have not had any letter.—I weary myſelf with walking—I look in vain for Werter, and I come home melancholy and dejected. But ſtill I indulge an expectation of his returning ſoon.

LETTER XXXIX.

July the 14th.

I Have ſeen Becquer, he has been here—"And what," you will ſay, "has he told you?" I ſcarcely know, Maria—I am ſo aſtoniſhed, that I think I have not clearly comprehended what Becquer ſaid to me; for when I enquired after Werter, and

when he was to return?—"Not at all I believe," ſaid he, "he ſeems to be very well ſatisfied with the ſituation he is in. He is happy, and does not talk of returning." "He is happy!" I repeated, "I am glad of it!" I could ſay no more, but I felt very much diſordered, my head grew giddy, and I believe if Becquer had not taken his leave, I ſhould have died on the ſpot—but his going rouſed me, and I recovered ſufficiently to bid him good day—My illneſs is, however, returned with all its weight—but—"Werter is happy," and I will not dare to complain.

LETTER XL.

October the 15th.

I Am but juſt getting the better of a long and dangerous illneſs, nor could I till now acquire fortitude ſufficient to anſwer your elegant and affectionate letter—How kind, how ſoothing you are, my dear friend, and how much do I ſtand in need of your conſolation—Ah, Maria! you know not all the extent of my ſorrows—I have learnt from Becquer, that Werter is attached, moſt tenderly attached, and to an amiable woman, who has it not in her power to return his affection—ſhe is already engaged. Is Werter then, my beloved Werter

to

to ſuffer the torments of diſappointed love! Who can it be, that can allow this?—ſhe muſt be already married, or nothing could induce her to heſitate a moment—and yet that cannot be, for Werter's honor would interfere—he never would encourage an affection for a married woman.—I cannot account for this, it is a myſtery that baffles all my penetration—help me to define it, Maria—ſhe is already engaged they ſay—ſhe muſt then have been engaged before ſhe knew Werter.—Ah! if that is the caſe, how much I pity her—what ſtruggles muſt ſhe endure, and what ſtrength of mind ſhould ſhe be poſſeſſed of to perſevere in her engagements. She is amiable! then ſhe muſt love Werter:

ter.—And, poor thing, ſhe muſt diſguiſe her ſentiments. If I knew her, how would I plead for Werter—fool that I am, ſhould *I* induce her to break her faith——and if Werter fails, have I a chance of ſucceeding?——I will compoſe myſelf, for I am ſtill very weak, and my diſordered fancy repreſents a thouſand illuſions—Farewell, I will try to ſleep.

LETTER XLI.

December the 22d.

I Was not wont to let ſo many weeks paſs by without remembering my Maria—remembering her! ſhe is ever preſent to my thoughts, but I know not

not how how it is, I find myſelf incapable of writing, incapable indeed of every thing but weeping, and that calms my agitated mind, and reſtores me to myſelf. I would call in Reaſon to my aid, but ſhe flies me—ſhe will not condeſcend to argue with Love, and I muſt wait with patience the time that ſhe will reſume her empire. The color of my fate I fear is decided, and how deep, how very deep the dye!—Yet I am recovering, Maria—I am trying to get the better of this fatal malady which has taken ſuch deep root in my heart—but every thing looks dreary around me. The difference of the ſeaſons—how much the force of them depends on the preſence or the abſence of a beloved object—I experience this every hour.—

The

The rigor of winter is become intolerable to me—I am wrapt up in furs, and yet I freeze. No elevated idea animates me—my heart and my ſenſes are alike congealed, and a dull inſipid ſameneſs is ſpread around me---You have ſeen the tree of the foreſt that ſtands neareſt the riſing ſun---it has felt its invigorating rays, and it has early put forth its buds---they open into bloſſoms, and are ſucceeded by the broad leaves, which for a while diſplay themſelves and wanton in the air. It appears in all its glory —it ſeems to feel its ſuperiority, and toſſes its branches on high. But the the ſun withdraws its rays—a blaſt comes from the north and ſmites it to the root—this tree, ſo floriſhing, begins to droop—the leaves change color,

lor, and they fall—the few that are left wither, and dry upon the boughs —they gradually decreaſe, and at length there is but one remaining: it is moved by every breath, it bends to the ſtorm, and would willingly ſave itſelf; but the rain beats hard againſt it; the wind blows; and it periſhes.—Alas! Maria, this tree—but I have done—nothing now intereſts me—I am become inanimate, and it is only the days that I expect Becquer, in which I can be ſaid to live.

LET

LETTER XLII.

February the 6th, 1772.

MY attention has been called forth, and the glow of friendſhip ſtill ſurvives — what a vivid ſpark it muſt be, that this ſuſpenſion of my faculties has not extinguiſhed. Ponthin has convinced me that it ſtill exiſts, and that it burns with the ſame ſpirit with which it was firſt illumined.—I have had a letter from him, and ſuch a one as I ſhould have ſuppoſed he would have written—ſo elegant and ſo harmonious. He expreſſes with energy the ſtrength of his friendſhip, and he ſolicits mine. Yes, Maria, I agree

agree with you, that the exertion of our faculties where they can give pleaſure to another, is a duty incumbent on us—we ought not to live for ourſelves alone, but ſhould cheriſh every ray that can make our ſtate appear leſs irkſome. I will anſwer Ponthin's letter — but not from ſelfiſh motives only; I will aſſure him of the ſtrength of my eſteem for him—he ſhall know (for I may tell him) that he holds a very high place in my heart, and that whilſt it has power to diſtinguiſh he ſhall not be forgotten. Ponthin is one of the few who would take pleaſure in relieving the diſtreſs of others —— ſurely then every happineſs ſhould be communicated to him.

He

He too is ſuſceptible, but he is not happy. It is the fate of delicate minds to ſuffer in ſilence, and how ſeldom are their ſufferings rewarded!

LETTER XLIII.

April the 7th.

YOU are ſurpriſed that I do not write to you often, my dear Maria!—rather ſhould you be ſurpriſed that I can write at all. You can have no idea of the ſolitary, the miſerable hours I paſs—I do not take pleaſure in any thing—if I take my pen, I am obliged to throw it aſide again almoſt immediately—I have not ſpirits to write—I have nothing to ſay, for I have loſt my

ſubject, my darling theme.—Werter, who uſed to inſpire every idea, whoſe look of approbation could put me into good humour with myſelf—he is gone—and a melancholy oppreſſes me—which I cannot make you underſtand: it is of that unobtruſive kind, which would ſcarcely be diſcerned—even if you were with me, and yet it has abſolute dominion over me—it continually recalls Werter to my imagination—I recollect every word, every ſentence he uttered—I repeat to myſelf the converſations as they paſſed, and I believe my memory is ſo faithful, that, on his part, I never omit a ſingle ſyllable. I reproach myſelf continually for this, but it is almoſt the only amuſement I have—it inſinuates

ſinuates itſelf into every idea, and Werter's image, his ſentiment and manner, ariſe cloſely twined around my heart, that death only can make them looſe their hold. I am ſometimes tempted to complain, and ſhould complain to you, Maria; but that I cannot ſuffer any one, not even myſelf, to think ill of Werter. His conduct, I am well aſſured, is more owing to the natural impetuoſity of his paſſions, which will not allow him to be for any length of time ſatisfied with the ſame thing, than to a cruel levity, or a pleaſure in diſtreſſing others. Perhaps it was my fault—perhaps he could not help obſerving my unfortunate attachment to him; and, to ſooth me for a while indulged it

—I ſcarcely dare think of that, Maria—all I know is, that I would rather acknowledge my own weakneſs—I would rather, in the face of the world, avow my love for him, than that he ſhould be condemned. But, I believe, I had better let this alone, for however ſtrongly I may plead for Werter, you, my tender and amiable friend, will, I know, decide for Eleanora.

LETTER XLIV.

May the 1ſt.

IT is this day twelvemonths ſince I laſt ſaw Werter. You know that it is cuſtomary to commemorate the annual return of any particular day,

on

on which a ſtriking event of either pleaſure or pain has taken place. I too have made my ſacrifice, for I have deſtroyed the letter I received from Werter, when in happier times he ſolicited my return from ———. What revolutions a few months bring about— how differently he then thought from what he does now! Theſe viciſſitudes—what miſery they occaſion! Ten thouſand times more poignant than if we had never experienced happineſs. With tears I took this letter (but too dear to me) from my pocket book, and I determined to burn it.—My friend, the firſt ſentence that caught the flame, was that in which Werter reminded me of Julia's having conjured him to protect me.—I cannot deſcribe to you

the ſenſations that this trifling circumſtance created. I would have ſnatched it from the fire, but Werter's forgetfulneſs of this truſt, darted into my mind, and I deſiſted. I reſolved not preſerve any monument of his infi ..... (I dare not finiſh the word Maria) and I ſtood to watch it burn, with the determined reſolution of a ſtoic. But when it was quite loſt—when this beloved letter, over which I had ſhed ſo many tears was conſumed, and I ſaw the laſt ſpark trembling in the ghoſt of the paper, then it was I felt the force of what I had done. Ah! I exclaimed, that my affections could but thus periſh, with what content would I exchange them for thoſe which are not earthly. This raiſed my thoughts to Heaven,

Heaven—" If I were there," I ſaid, " perhaps I might ſee Werter's heart, and perhaps I might diſcover in it ſome ſmall ſpark of affection for Eleanora: if ſo, I would increaſe it by the breath of angels, and they ſhould diffuſe a peaceful harmony thro' his impaſſioned ſoul —the aſſurance of this, would even increaſe my joys.—Ah! no Eleanora—thou forgetteſt that in thoſe regions of delight every leſſer affection will be diſſolved: that thou wilt be raiſed to ſo ſuperior a height of glory, and that thy beating heart will be at reſt.

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LETTER XLV.

September the 20th.

YOU were uneaſy at receiving a letter from Jenny, and you feared me dangerouſly ill. I have been ſo, my dear friend, for theſe laſt four months I have been confined to my room, and a violent fever had nearly conquered the ſkill of the phyſicians; but I patiently took every medicine they gave me, and they aſſure me I am now mending. They are certainly deceived Maria, for I I am ſtill very ill. This is the firſt time they have allowed me to write, ——and I am even now limited to

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a very few minutes.—I am almoſt tired of books, for they are continually reading to me that I may not be allowed to think—to think!——I have but few ſubjects to meditate upon, and they will intrude in ſpite of Leſſing or Geſler. Preſcriptions for the diſorders of the mind are rarely ſucceſsful, and mine is of that nature which cannot be cured. Werter loves another!—that can never be effaced!—Reflection, indeed, may ſoften the impreſſion, and convince me of the folly of lamenting an inevitable evil—at leaſt ſo philoſophy would teach; but my heart ſtill bleeds, and it will not receive comfort. Your letters, and thoſe of Ponthin, are my only companions—I read them

them over twenty times a day.—— Yours, my Maria, will (if any thing can) reconcile me to myſelf—the deſcriptions you give, in order to amuſe me, frequently make me ſmile; but like the playful breeze, which ſometimes agitates the boſom of deep waters, its impreſſion paſſes away, and a fixed ſolemnity remains.—Yet am I grateful for your intention.—Ponthin's are inſtructive, and he conveys his inſtruction with a happy eloquence that charms. He too has a very melancholy turn, which is ſo ſtrictly in uniſon with my feelings, that it correſponds with every motion of my heart—he ſeems to be in ſome meaſure conſtrained—he does not ſay all he would ſay—and the ſimilitude intereſts me.

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My tears flow when I read his letters, but the emotions they cauſe are mild and peaceful. He writes frequently, very frequently; for, like Werter, he will not allow that the glow of friendſhip can be confined by the dictates of faſhion. "If my letters perſecute you, Eleanora," he ſays, "tell me ſo, and I will deſiſt; but till then I will follow the impulſe of my heart—it feels pleaſure whilſt I write to you—it is agitated, and happy, whilſt I read your anſwers—and wherefore ſhould I deprive it of this innocent delight. So much for my own part, and for your's Ellen; the frequency of my letters do but convince you of the truth, the ſincerity of my friendſhip.—It is not that I wiſh to recommend

commend to you what *I* have to ſay that induces me to write ſo continually—but that I am too much intereſted about you to allow months to paſs away without any intelligence of your welfare and happineſs?—Farewell, my dear Maria!" —I muſt give him a few lines: I owe them to him, and I would willingly do any thing that will occupy my thoughts. Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

November the 4th.

YOU deſire me to walk about myſelf, to enter minutely into my ſorrows, and deſcribe them accurately:

curately—and you ſay that it will relieve me.—No; my Maria—you have too much ſenſibility to partake my afflictions, they would but make you unhappy, without adding to my repoſe—beſides, I could not, if I would, deſcribe them—they are too complicated. Love and Deſpair are cruel tyrants! It is Religion only that can ſubdue them; and to her I fly! I derive conſolation from her leſſons, and a conſolation that I truſt will be laſting. But you are no ſtranger to her precepts, and you have proved the ſtrength of her ſupport.—It is a long time ſince I heard of Werter! I know, this is what I ought not to be ſorry for; but nature will prevail, and I think I ſhould ſuffer with more reſignation if I was ſure that he is contented.

LETTER XLVII.

December the 7th.

BECQUER ſat with me two hours yeſterday—I watched him from the moment of his arrival —I longed to hear him ſpeak of Werter—but I had the fortitude not to enquire about him; and he did not mention his name. It was cruel in Becquer—he muſt have ſeen how impatiently I was expecting it from him. At length I could refrain no longer —"Tell me," I ſaid, "how is Werter? and where is he?" The tears ruſhed into his eyes—"He is wretched!"—was all his anſwer. "Wretched!" I exclaimed, "you have then mentioned me to him." As if, Maria, that

that would have occaſioned his wretchedneſs—how fooliſh!—"I have not indeed," he replied—"I have been true to my word. But Werter is miſerable!—He cannot obtain the object of his wiſhes:—and he has been mortified, from an unlucky circumſtance which lays heavy at his heart; and which he has not yet got the better of."—"And who has mortified Werter?" I cried out—"who could offer an affront to ſuch a ſpirit as his?—But it cannot be, Werter would not have received it!—You ſay that he is miſerable, Becquer?..... But let us talk on ſome other ſubject, this—will—kill me.—I could ſcarcely conceal my tears; but complaining of a violent cold, I put my handkerchief to my eyes.—Becquer, who fin-

ſincerely eſteems Werter, was affected by what he had ſaid. He walked into the garden, and ſtaid till he was a little recovered: then returning, he told me all the news of the town. But interrupted himſelf frequently, to ſay, that I looked very ill; and that he thought me much altered of late!—the glaſs has told me that for ſome time paſt. You would hardly know me Maria—the color is fled from my cheeks, and my eyes have loſt all that expreſſion which you uſed to call angelic. I am thin—but I feel quieter than I was. I do not wiſh for any thing at a diſtance from home. —The part of the garden which Werter once weeded, is the only walk I ever take. Indeed I could not go much farther if I would; for I am very

very weak, and exercise is what I am not now able to bear.---Good night my ſweet friend!---it is late, and yet I do not ſeem inclined to quit my pen. ---Methinks I could ſay more of Werter---but I will not! Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

January the 2d. 1773.

THE ſcene is cloſed for ever! and this world now contains nothing that can intereſt me:—every wiſh, every hope is at an end: even you, my Maria, the companion of my youth, the indulgent friend of my heart, the partaker of all its pains, and all its pleaſures---even you, are not in my eyes what you were. But

you are not altered, 'tis I am not the thing I was.---I have done with this ſcene of ſorrow, my heart is unbound, it is no longer tied to earth. Werter has unbound it—but how?—He is dead!—and dead by his own hand! It is I, Maria, who have traced that ſentence. You will doubt it; and yet it is ſo.—But I am calm, I am compoſed, and the mercy of Heaven is upon me.—Raſh and inconſiderate young man, how could'ſt thou ruſh into the preſence of thy great and glorious Creator, unbidden and unlooked for. And is this the effect of thy noble, thy exalted ſentiments of religion?——How couldſt thou thus degrade them? Oh! Werter! that I could dip my pen in æther, and in characters of fire exculpate thee!

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For every thing but this I could have ſucceeded. And to raiſe up reaſoning to ſupport thy ſyſtem! Ah! it ſhrinks from the piercing eye of Truth, her penetration blaſts it, and it withers. Was it for thee to judge? What ſeat, thinkeſt thou, could be prepared for the ſon, who had been ſent to a diſtant country to fulfil his father's commands, and upon whoſe perſeverance in his duty the happineſs of myriads depended—he departs—he finds dangers and difficulties on his road—he never once attempts to obviate and explain them for the advantage of thoſe myriads who are to follow him—but he meets the Virtues and he thruſts them by, he will not liſten to their voice, though they teach him truth and wiſdom.

The Pleaſures preſent themſelves, and he careſſes them till he finds their ſting deeply fixed in his heart—they tear his vitals and deſtroy his ſoul. This was the effect of his own choice, but he will not bear it, his reſtleſs and perturbed ſpirit diſdains all controul!—"He will return from whence he came!" He flies—the Virtues call to him as he paſſes along—he refuſes their aſſiſtance, and diſdaining all reſtraint, wilfully he ruſhes into the preſence of his father. "My voice has not recalled thee my ſon; nor can'ſt thou ſo ſoon have fulfilled my words!—I gave thee talents to diſtinguiſh, and I ſet thee in thy way; but thou haſt returned before the appointed time. Render

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an account of thyſelf. * * * * * *
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Where then is his ſeat?——Was it thus our heavenly and adored Redeemer acted? Was this the pattern he ſet before us? No. He reſiſted the evil, and embraced the good; even he too was tempted;—but he conquered: and what is his bright reward? When the eternal ſaid—"Be free," he gave us all to chuſe—the right and wrong was pointed out to us—the truth was explained, and the conſequences were denounced. The great, the awful decree held firm againſt ſelf-murder. We know the path which leads to it—the paſſions go before, and even

whilſt

whilſt we purſue, we ſee our danger. What then but a devout, an humble reſignation to the will of the Supreme, can procure us happineſs hereafter? What merits ſhall we have to boaſt if we have never exerciſed the talents given to our care —and which of us that has a ſervant, who diſobeys our commands, and who in every inſtance contradicts our will—but would drive him from us and replace him with another? What then ſhall we expect from our omnipotent Father! Even with the meaſure ye mete, ſo ſhall it be meted to to you withal. Many are the afflictions, and ſharp are the pangs I have endured; but have they not ariſen from the ſtrength of my paſſions? Theſe you will ſay were natu-

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ral to me.—They were—but what do I not owe to the bounteous Giver of all Good—who has liſtened to the voice of my prayer, and in ſome meaſure enabled me to ſubdue them. —O religion! thou pure and ſacred ſource; from which all my comforts have been drawn: deign to ſupport me ſtill—through all the ſcenes that yet remain attend me —inſpire my heart with the ſpirit of thy holineſs, and teach me reſignation to the will of Heaven. But what a blow is this!—it has filled up the meaſure of my ſufferings—yet I am reſigned—yes, Maria, I will wait with quiet expectation the fiat of the Eternal God! In every prayer will I remember the ſoul of Werter, and if tears and ſupplications can expiate,

piate, his crime ſhall be done away. —O Werter! how have I waited for the moment which was to unite me to thee; when nothing earthly could interfere, and now..... But it will yet be ſo—Yes, the great and merciful Father will receive my petitions; and daily ſhall they be offered at the Throne of Grace.—Oh! may the interceſſions of Eleanora plead for the decay, the loſs of Reaſon, in Werter.

THE END.

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